

THE DAILY LEADER

Published from The Daily Leader building, West Harrison avenue, and entered at the Guthrie postoffice as second class matter.

MEMBER OF ASSOCIATED PRESS DAILY SUBSCRIPTION RATES Per month, by carrier, \$1.00 Per year, by carrier, in advance, \$10.00

OKLAHOMA (WEEKLY) LEADER Six months, \$3.00 One year, \$5.00

Have The Leader mailed to your address before leaving on your vacation; just like a letter from home.

It is customary to speak of "spending the summer" at the seashore, but the tale is not half told.

Women are carrying on a suffrage campaign in American cities by phone. A good housekeeper knows you can't buy a beefsteak that way.

A youth who married a \$30,000,000 heiress asserts that he loves the girl more than the money. Greater love hath no man than this.

Col. Roosevelt suggests Gov. Hiram Johnson for President in 1916. Many-sided Teddy, Hunter, naturalist, agitator, ranchman, author and, last, but not least, humorist.

J. P. Morgan returns from a sea voyage, his wounds wholly healed. Let's see. What was the name of the fellow who made himself "famous" by shooting Mr. Morgan?

Becker was the sort of man who might hope to bluff his way past St. Peter by showing him a copy of a New York paper containing his ante-mortem statement of innocence.

FIFTY-FIFTY WITH HIS WIFE. In the American Magazine a new department is started called "the family's money."

Once read thy own breast right, And thou hast done with tears; Man gets no other light.

The best for a man to train up a child in the way he should go is to travel that way sometimes himself.

Conscience is justice's best minister; it threatens, promises, rewards and punishes, and keeps all under control; the busy must attend to its remonstrances, the most powerful submit to its reproof and the angry endure its upbraidings.

Recommends Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. "I never hesitate to recommend Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy," writes Sol Williams, merchant, Jesse, Tenn.

At the office one day a business discussion made me see that what I needed in my home was competition.

At the end of the first month I left my bank book on the library table. I wanted to surprise her. That evening she handed it to me and said she thought I was doing fine.

"We are now in a race. We both have the saving habit. We have enough to buy a home if we should join funds."

The Clerk Guaranteed It. "A customer came into my store the other day and said to one of my clerks, 'Have you anything that will cure diarrhoea?'"

FOR A SPRAINED ANKLE. If you will get a bottle of Chamberlain's Liniment and observe the directions given therewith faithfully, you will recover in much less time than is usually required.

VAGRANT VERSE

THE PERFECT HOUR.

The white moon lights The woodland aisles; From leafy heights A voice beguiles; The border lone Adds, too, his wiles: Beloved one!

The lake gives back In graceful sweep The willow black, Where the winds weep At eve; 'twould seem A bliss too deep O let us dream!

From out the sky, Lit by a glow Of palest dye From Luna's bow Descend a calm On all below O perfect balm!

Come to the trust, Draw near to me; Speak, while I list In ecstasy; My soul alone Belongs to thee O Love, my own!

(Translated from the French of Paul Verlaine by Flora A. Bradley in Washington Post.)

Dependancy Due to Indigestion. "About three months ago when I suffered from indigestion which caused headache and dizzy spells and made me feel tired and dependent I began taking Chamberlain's Tablets."

BRILLIANTS. Hatred is self-punishment—Hosea Ballou.

The first and worst of all frauds is to cheat one's self.—Bailey.

Science constantly advances, but it can never find a better cure for snake bite.—C. A. Edson.

The way to live is to love; the way to love is to serve; the way to serve is to organize ourselves together as one person that we may become members of one another.—Henry D. Lloyd.

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Agin On Agin STRICKLAND W. CULLLAN

The Rich Lady How far from right a lot of lurches We have—the bum ones come in bunches! But one of those intensely worse. Fake notions, captions this here verse.

We gaze upon the columned palace And think the Sarah, Jane or Alice Who ladies in that highbrow shack Sits all the time with muscles slack And wonders what she'll have for dinner—

Most of us wish we could have been 'er! She does not sit in idle state— She is a woman, first of all, And harks the basic housekeep call. She may have held galore and then some, Who clean the hall and master's den some.

But if she is a woman true She bosses what these hussies do. And she would stand, without much hitchin', To make a full hand in the kitchen! So don't mistake the wealthy woman For something more or less than human.

If she is lazy and a sloven, She'd be so if she served the oven. No Professional Assistance Southern Teacher—Why are you crying, Eddie? Eddie—My pappy died last night. "Oh, dear! dear! I'm so sorry! What doctor did he have?" "He didn't have none, teacher. He jes' died hise't."

Our Contrils. A. J. of Mt. Vernon, Ind., asks what to do for the yawns in little chicks. "We want to know, first, if A. J. means the o.f. zaps. We can't stand for any of this fussy, highbrow stuff."

C. F. West Liberty, Iowa, asks if William J. Bryan is a real statesman. Opinions differ widely on that subject, all the way from Bryan's to our own.

Our Law Criminal Laws Stripling—You shouldn't knock my new eye-brow mustache all the time! Oldster—Yes, I know it's wrong to strike anything when it's down.

Definitions Again. Neutrality is that personal or national attitude that makes every belligerent think you're siding with the others.

Statesman is something a politician could become if he were changed sufficiently. Not At All Sarcastic Mr. H. F. X., Stratfordville, Mich.—Dear Henry—Do you remember when us and some more tourists and amateurists went through your factory? At that time you showed us how you could make a car in a minute. I got the one you made—I'm sure of it. And I am wondering how what delayed you. I also read that you employ criminals in your factory. The man who assembled my 1913 one—so weak in the middle that it's down—went about with her hair combed back so tight she can't wink—the man who assembled this car of mine may not have been a criminal before he done so, but he has been ever since.

Mystery Cleared Up. Who invented bookkeeping? Eve was the discoverer of the loom-leaf system of figure correction.

Silly Asses! Hector, if you write again and try to get me to publish your inquiry as to whether a manure girl is a handmaiden, we'll bowl you out something fierce.

She Couldn't Be. Azalea Toots, of Rabbit Run, Kentucky, whose poem we did not print, writes us that she wants us to know she isn't as stupid as we thought she was. We knew it all the time.

Improving. "I notice that Gotox is rapidly removing the taint from his illegot money." "How so?" "The papers say he cleaned up four millions last year."

The Young Lady Across The Way

Looking up from the editorial page of the paper we asked the young lady across the way if she didn't consider the editor a purist and she said she'd never heard a word against his character.

HEALTH TALKS BY WILLIAM BRADY, MD

Strange Talk For A Practical Doctor

Concluding a description of the wonderful work being done at the Adam Hospital, Perryburg, N. Y., in the treatment of all forms of tuberculosis by sun baths, Dr. John H. Pryor, the noted Buffalo pathologist, says:

"We must send more afflicted children to the country where they belong, close to nature's generous heart and healing breath, and then summon all the combined forces known by the medical profession to check the devastation of insidious disease and repair its ravages. The difference so often means laughter instead of tears, happiness instead of the tracery of sorrow fretted into a pinched white face, and, some day, fun and play, the child's rightful heritage, of which it has been so largely robbed by false or vicious environment, misdirected philanthropy, a multitude of incubated fads and some humbug of civilization."

Aside from the touching picture of the victim of environment painted by this distinguished physician, it is good to feel the undercurrent of sound public policy running through the story. It is still better to know that the famous heliotherapy of Koller, as so successfully employed at Leyden, Switzerland, high above sea level, can be used just as well in America. In another paragraph Dr. Pryor mentions the fact that children at Perryburg played in the snow in February days when the temperature was twelve degrees Fahrenheit below freezing, and the children wore—what do you think? Furs! No—just a coat of tan, shoes, socks and a breechcloth.

Of even greater interest is Dr. Pryor's remark that adults and children taking treatment in another hospital where clothing is still worn had epidemics of "colic" during the winter, whereas the little savages at Perryburg, running about in their pretty coats of brown pigment,

seemed absolutely immune. Which only goes to show we are not fooling when we assure the young folks they are perfectly safe in leaving off rubbers, wearing sheer stockings, low necks and all that sort of thing in any weather.

Any family having a child with tuberculosis of bone, gland or other organ, would do well to investigate the sun-bath treatment before deciding upon radical surgical measures. Fortunately, it is unnecessary to go to Leyden for the treatment. If it can be successfully used in New York State it ought to work satisfactorily anywhere on the American continent—anywhere the sun shines.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS When Doctors Disagree

Two doctors, writes C. R. G., have advised me to stay home, and one has urged me to go West. I have tuberculosis. Had I better enter a sanitarium here at home or travel out west somewhere? I am a poor man.

Answer—Unfortunately, some doctors still advise consumptives to "go West," regardless of the individual's condition, physical and financial. Unless you have funds on hand sufficient to cover at least ten months' expenses, at not less than \$12 per week, don't think of "going West." But anyhow, we are personally convinced that consumption is just as curable in one part of the country as it is in another, provided the patient religiously lives the outdoor life and remains under the care of a competent physician.

Fitting Glasses

Do you advise an oculist (medical man) or an optometrist for one who desires to have the eyes fitted with glasses? Answer—An oculist, by all means. Then you are safe, and sure.

PHOTO PLAYS

A PHOTOPLAY is one of those silences that is solid. It can talk and talk and wear out his durable lungs for twenty-five years and then go into bankruptcy with large liabilities. A photoplay can pull in a wash-tub full of nickels a day without saying a word.

Thousands of skilful mechanics are now at work writing photoplays with a stub pencil on the back of an old envelope and turning them into films. A good photoplay is a couple of miles long. But it isn't as long, at that, as some of the speeches in Hamlet.

It costs \$2 and carriage fare to see a famous play with words, and 10 cents to see the same play with the words omitted. This is why millions of people are flocking to the moving-picture palaces while the treasurer of the legitimate theatre has so little to do that he forgets to be cold and aloof when a customer comes in.

This is a sad condition and one which leads us to wonder if speech is all it is cracked up to be after all. Perhaps a large number of political candidates who have talked their way through a stricken state and have reaped only campaign bills and unclassified regrets from the effort, would have succeeded better if they had hired a husky villain representing the trust to bang them on the head with a club.

And maybe some young man who has talked for two years to a beautiful girl without any particular result will soon discover that he will illustrate in a three-reel film the luxuries of future life with him, he will dazzle her with his new-found eloquence.

In the photoplay we are transported swiftly from luxury to poverty, from comedy to drizzly tragedy, and from the wild and uncombed west as represented by a New Jersey hillside, to the aridiferous luxuries of New York City, represented by a hired eleven-room house in Hoboken. Heroines pass rapidly in and out of the jaws of lions and are blown from cannon and thrown from steamships without material damage, while the movie hero who can't climb up a church spire, grab a passing aeroplane by the tail and escape over Niagara Falls is a poor third performer and will get nowhere in his art.

Maybe this is why the movie play is so popular after all. If anyone attempted to stage a good movie play with real actors in a real theatre he would have to renew the cast three-times a week.

Views Of The Press

The Marriage Rate

Usually the number of weddings is a fairly well fixed proportion, about as dependable as rainfall. Some discussion has been started by a notable falling off in the issue of licenses to marry in the City of New York. For June the figures were 31 per cent under last year. The officials attribute it to war and war conditions. In Chicago there has been a falling off of about 13 per cent. Boston also shows a decided decline, while Washington and Philadelphia show small gains.

The question how far the marriage rate is affected by social, economic, or other conditions is an interesting subject for the debating society. People of alien birth who have friends suffering misfortune across the water, might now feel less inclined to wedlock. An unusual period of stormy weather is said to affect business. It not rarely keeps the public at home from shopping "expensive" but merchants do not feel as hopeful and confident. Possibly prospective bridegrooms view

the support of a family with less buoyancy. Unquestionably periods of slow business do have an effect to delay weddings. Modern prudences has wandered some distance from the "Love in a cottage" idea. Indeed, if the average couple contemplating matrimony could see a cottage, they would feel better. "Love in a tenement" would express better the prospect of confronting many modern lovers. If young people have kept their account and life insurance policy, there is commonly some fault or lack. Too frequently it is the unwillingness to start in a small way. Other couples have found a better way. They have learned that where sentiment and romance exist, very little space is needed for strong, ambitious young people. An apartment of a few rooms in a town's outskirts costs little, and a chicken yard and vegetable garden make savings possible.—The Peterson, J. J. Press.

CARTOONS OF THE DAY

THE NEWS FROM PETROGRAD



—Ireland in the Columbus Dispatch

The PEOPLE'S LEGAL FRIEND by E. R. BRANSON

Amending A Will. Q. By the terms of my uncle's will, certain property is left to my brother. Some lines seem to have been added, after my uncle's signature, giving this same property to another person, and after this the signature again appears. Kindly inform me who is entitled to the property.

A. Judging from your statement, your uncle evidently added a codicil to the will. Where a codicil, executed in due form of law, contradicts the terms of a valid will, the codicil will be given effect. If, therefore, the codicil—the part added to the original will—was executed in compliance with all the requirements of the law in your state, it will prevail over the will. In such case, the property will go to the person named in the codicil, rather than to your brother.

The Boss Balks. Q. Some time ago I verbally promised a man to take him into my employ for a period of one month. Later, I changed my mind about it. He now threatens to bring suit. Would he have any grounds for doing so? A. He certainly has, if you arbitrarily declined to employ him after making an agreement with him to do so.

It Was Not Signed. Q. I agreed with a man to enter into a written contract concerning a deal. Later I refused to go through with it and did not sign. Am I liable? A. If it is expressly understood between the parties to a contract that it is to be reduced to writing and signed by them before becoming effective, then it cannot become binding until this is done. And this will be true, even though all the terms of the contract may have been agreed upon verbally.

Time Killed? Q. I took my watch to a jeweler for the purpose of having it repaired. Instead of repairing it, he put the watch in a water shape that it was in before. Can he be held responsible? A. Yes.

Marriage Revokes Will. Q. What is the effect in this state (Illinois) upon the validity of a will where the person making the will afterwards marries? A. The marriage operates as a revocation of the will.

Pepper Talks by GEORGE MATTHEW ADAMS

Little Devils

Your real enemies are your Little Devils—those silent, unseen little fellows in the garb of gloomy and sulky Moods, Fear, Gossip, Lying, Mistrust, Discontentment, Cynicism—that hang to your heels and follow you, irritate you—madden you. These are they who block your Success every minute you allow them around.

Your biggest task each day is to start by ridding yourself of your Little Devils. For each, in its turn, if but given an inch, will seek to take a mile. The little Red Mood Devil that takes you into your office with a Grouch over some trivial dispute or happening, or the Shrew Shoulder Devils that seek to cast a slur upon a character, or the Mistrust Little Devils that impudently sit at Conference when your Independence and Judgment are at stake—away with them. Their increasing Powers sap and suck at your very life blood.

Your biggest task each day is to start by ridding yourself of your Little Devils. Do not allow your Little Devils to deceive you. They wear false faces. They smile smoothly. Also, they speak softly—oftimes. But ever be on guard. They are bound to follow you from place to place. If you are Brave and Calm enough—ever Self-Controlled—your Little Devils might as well not exist, as far as you are concerned—for you won't be able to see them, and they won't be able to see you.

Another objection to marriage is that the guilty parties get no time off for good behavior.

It all depends. If you are not interested in golf it is a bore. If you are it is a disease.

People generally speak well of Hobe Fisher, who is a hopeless infidel and who has been a burden on his wife's people ever since he was married. But they bitterly attack Samuel Plympton, who is rich and influential, and one of the fairest men in town.

The country has had about the usual amount of rain, but the Atlantic Monthly will be very dry.

In our town of Grigsby City the only really noted man is John Klopfer, who chewed tobacco thirty-one years and then quit.

Snap Shots by JAY E. HOUSE

There is no reason to doubt the sincerity of a woman who voluntarily wears a Salvation Army bonnet.

When it comes to combing a customer's hair, the barber does his best. But that is all that can be said for the job.

One thing has been definitely established: The people often fail to vote as they cheer.

In a small town most of the scorn and contempt is directed toward the man who wears white flannel trousers. But a little of it is saved for the man who beats his wife.

Some women are born beautiful and others have beauty thrust upon them by the society reporter who writes up the wedding.